

READ and be WISE.



Minerva into Knowledge Youth beguiles,
Her Lessons please, & she in teaching smiles.

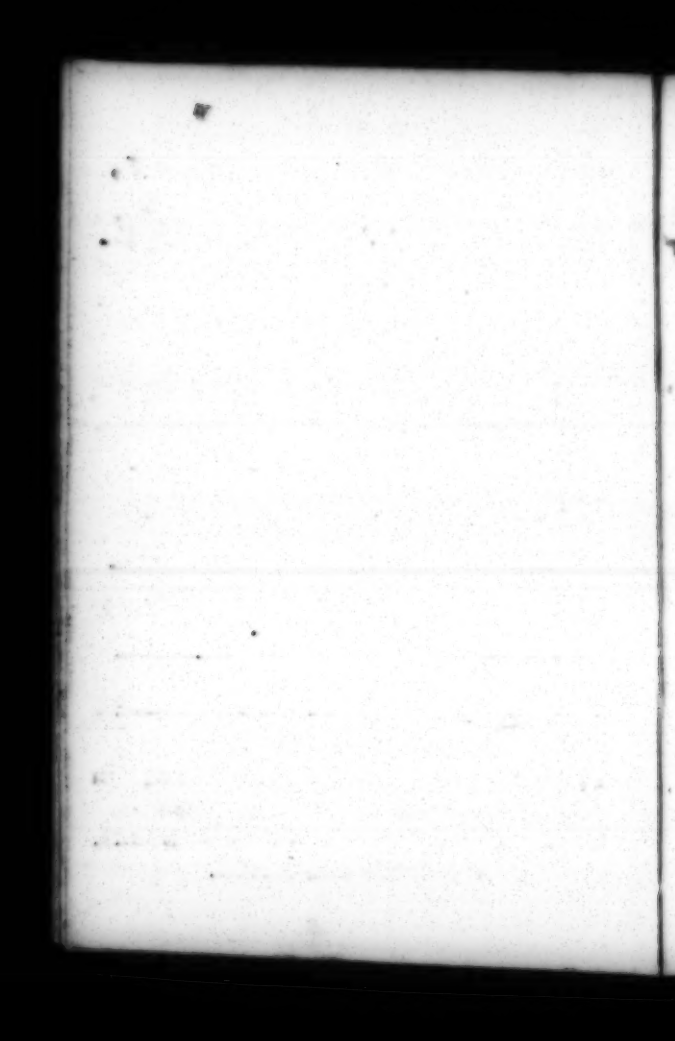
T H E
MIRROR OF AMUSEMENT,
O R,
HAPPY VILLAGE.

BEING
A NEW METHOD
O F
P A S S I N G the Y E A R
Pleasantly and Profitably,
Either in TOWN or COUNTRY.
By W M WISEACRE, Esq.
ADORNED WITH CUTS.

*As thro' the circling Year Time swiftly moves,
Such Pastime learn, as pleases and improves.*

THIRD EDITION ENLARGED.

L O N D O N:
Printed for H. TURPIN, at No. 104, in
St. John's Street, near West-Smithfield Br.,
Great Choice of Children's Books,
Wholesale and Retail.





T H E
H A P P Y V I L L A G E .

Where freed from Bustle, Noise and Strife,
The Shepherd leads a Country Life.

IN a pleasant Village, about thirty Miles from the Metropolis of the *British* Empire, several worthy Families resided. This Village seemed the Seat of Contentment and good Fellowship : It was watered by a pleasant Stream, that wandered in a serpentine Manner through it so

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beautifully, that those who beheld
the delightful Scene might with the
Poet exclaim,

- “ Here waving Groves a checquer’d
Scene display,
“ And Part admit, and Part exclude the
Day ;
“ As some coy Nymph her Lover’s
warm Address
“ Not quite indulges, nor can quite
repress.”

In fine, the whole Prospect might
raise in the Breast of every Beholder
the most grateful Ideas of the Good-
ness and Power of the great Author
of Nature, in whose Works

- “ Order in Variety we see,
“ And where, though all Things differ,
all agree.”

Among



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Among the Families that contributed to render the delightful Spot the Scene of Festivity and Happiness, were six happy Couples, who happened to be blest with a Son and Daughter each, lovely Children,

“ Whom each soft Charm and early Grace adorn,

“ Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn.”

To improve the Ideas of these Pledges of their mutual Affections, and enlarge their Notions of Morals and Mankind, they amicably agreed to institute a *Lunar* or *Monthly Jubilee* or *Festival*, as a Relaxation for the Children from the more severe Studies, under the Direction of their different Tutors. Each Parent was, by Turn, to officiate as Master or

Mistress of the Revels, on the first Day of each Month, when all these happy Families were to be assembled at the House of the Person so presiding, and that Parent, who acted as Director of the different Diversions, was to point out Amusements proper to unbend the Mind, or to improve the Morals during the Remainder of the Month, either as manual or mental Exercises.

It may now be proper to give some Account of these worthy Families. Mr. *Placid*, a Gentleman of a small independent Fortune, had brought up his Children, Master *Billy* and Miss *Polly*, in the genteelest Manner. Miss *Polly* was, both in Person and Temper, the sweetest Girl imaginable; but a Kind of Insincerity, or what is com-

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commonly called Slyness, in Master *Billy's* Disposition, gave his Papa great Uneasiness. However, this Gentleman hoped, in Time, to cure, what he feared might otherwise greatly prejudice his Son.

Mr. *Brown* was a wealthy Farmer; himself and his Wife were very good Sort of plain People, and had given their Children, *Tommy* and *Lucy*, a tolerable Education. Master *Tommy* in Temper was at once mild and timorous; but Miss *Lucy* was extremely fearless, and very proud.

The Children of Mr. *Glib*, an Apothecary in the Neighbourhood, were very particular, for his Daughter, Miss *Betty*, was always singing; and his Son *Benjamin*, not being the wisest Child in the World, was always

ways whistling ;---that it might be truly said of him,

“ He trudg’d along, unknowing what he sought,

“ And whistled as he went for want of Thought.”

His Disposition was so well known, that it had procured him the Name of *thoughtless Benny*.

Mr. *Featherbrain* was a Gentleman of the Army ; his Children, Master *Franky* and Miss *Lydia*, were extremely pretty in their Persons, but their Dispositions were exactly opposite to each other ; for *Franky* was as flighty as the Air, and *Lydia* was grave to an Excess ; so that what Mr. *Placid* wrote upon them was extremely just :

If

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If some few Spirits *Franky* could bestow
On *Lydia* from his too abundant flow,
Or it to *Franky*, *Lydia* could impart
Some Gravity to curb each flighty Start,
They'd both be perfect; as they are,
they want

What neither hath, alas! the Power to
grant.

Mr. *Pain* was a Gentleman of a pretty large Fortune; and both himself and his Spouse had been so extremely indulgent to their Children, that they had rather hurt their Tempers, by rendering them so various and uncertain, that there is no giving any Character to Master *Charles* and Miss *Biddy*, but that of being very humourous Children.

The Rev. Mr. *Talbot* was Curate of the Parish; with respect to his Offspring,

Offspring, Master *George* and Miss *Charlotte*, it might with Truth be said, that as he was a Pattern to the Clergy on account of his Piety and Moral Life, they were Patterns proper for the Imitation of other Children, on account of the Sweetness of their Tempers, and Decency of their Behaviour.

J A N U A R Y.

ON the First Day of *January*, or *New Year's Day*, the Company assembled at the House of Mr. *Placid*, where they were entertained with an elegant Dinner; when the Cloth was removed, Mr. *Placid* ordered Master *Billy* to address the Company in the Manner he had been before instructed,
Master

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Master *Billy* made a genteel Bow.
and spoke as follows :

On NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Since the bright Lamp of Heaven, the
glorious Sun,
Hath this fair Morn another Year begun,
As in each former Year, may Heaven
defend,
And safely guard us till the present End.
Bright as his Beams may all our Actions
be,
And every Word from sinful Meaning
free.
May every Moment glide away serene,
No Care, no Trouble, to disturb the
Scene
Oh, may we all in Friendly Bonds unite,
And Social Love and Harmony delight;
May those Diversions which our Parents
chuse,
As they intend, instruct us and amuse,
Till

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Till our Improvement every Care beguile,
And opening Virtues well repay their I oil.

As soon as Master *Billy* had ended,
he bowed, and sat down ; when Mr.
Placid thus began to explain the
Meaning of the Word *January*.

January is taken from an imaginary Deity among the *Romans*, called *Janus*, who was supposed to preside over, or be the chief Person at the Beginning of all Business, which occasioned them to place this Month at the Beginning of the Year : as the People were excessive foolish and superstitious in those Times, they used to sacrifice to the Deity, on the first Day of this Month, a Cake made of new sifted Meal, with Salt, Incense, and Wine. All Mechanics, or other Artists, began some Piece of Work

In their Trade or Business, and Men of Letters some learned Production, or Piece of Writing on this Day, a Practice which I wish was continued to the present Time. Nay, they went so far in Honour of this Day, as to make it a Rule to forgive and forget all Injuries, or old Grudges: an excellent Custom; for whoever repeated any thing of a Quarrel, or Misunderstanding, which had happened in the foregoing Year, were look'd upon as ill-natured bad People, who were capable of bearing Malice, and their Company, for that Reason, was shunn'd by every Body.

Master CHARLES PAIN.,

Pray, Sir; will you inform me how it is possible for me to forget an Injury, unless I was to lose my Memory?

Mr.

Mr. PLACID,

My Dear, you did not take my Meaning; by forgiving and forgetting you should understand that you ought so far to forgive an Injury, as not to remember it in the least, with any Kind of Malice or Resentment against the Person who did you the Injury. You may remember to have been ill used, in order to guard against the like for the future, but then be very cautious to remember the Fact only as a Lesson, to protect you on another Occasion, and in your Forgiveness be sure to forget every Spark of Resentment.

Another Particular I must mention of this *Janus*, from whom *January* is named; he is said to carry two Faces. one before and the other behind; hence he has always been
an

an Emblem of Deceit and Insincerity, Qualities which render their Possessors hated and despised by every Body. (*Here Mr. Placid look'd full at his Son, who blush'd and hung down his Head, sensible that he, in some Measure, deserv'd the Reproof.*) Some say that Janus was at first represented with two Faces, because the Weather, in this Month, is in general extremely changeable and various. Others affirm, the two Faces allude to the Beginning of any Kind of Business, which is always deceitful, for it always happens that we find whatever we engage in either more or less difficult than we at first imagined. As I have here the Picture of Janus, pray look at him.

B

The



The *Romans*, as I mentioned before, being accustomed to forgive all Animosities on this Day, always made each other Presents, as Pledges of their being reconciled : hence comes the Custom of giving *New-Year Gifts* As I perceive, my dear little Visitors, you are all prepared
to

to imitate the laudable Example of that great People, I will not any longer delay your Intentions, or deny you that Satisfaction; present your Favours to each other, and then I'll entertain you farther. They then mutually presented each other with some pretty little Book or Toy, as Fancy had directed them, and all the young Gentlemen saluted the pretty Misses, very politely wishing them a *Happy New Year*.

Master *Placid* then, by Direction, for their Amusement told them the following Tale.

I W O N ' T.

A T A L E.

A good honest Tradesman had two Sons, *Tommy* and *Jacky*, *Tommy* was
B a very

a very good Boy, but *Jacky* quite the Reverse, for if he was advised to do any thing that was for his own good, he would reply, where he dared, *I won't*, ; but where he did not dare to be so impertinent, he'd be sure to hang down his Head, and be sullen, so that his perverse Behaviour gained him the Ill-Will of every body.

Tommy one Day advised him to get his Task done, but he cried, *I won't*; *mind your own Task*. However *I won't* got him a severe Beating, when his Master found he had been so neglectful. One Day *Tommy* having the Permission of his Parents, asked his Brother to go with him to see an old Aunt, who lived at a little Distance; but he replied according to Custom, *I won't*; so *Tommy* went
by

by himself, and the old Lady made him a Present of Half a Crown, Part of which he laid out in the Purchase of several pretty little Books. When *Jacky* found that his Brother had received a Present; he was ready to burst with Envy, and fairly cried through mere Madness, though his Brother had good naturedly reserved one Half of his Present to give him. He indeed received the Money, but had not the Good-nature or Manners to thank poor *Tommy* for his Kindness. When they grew up, the Father proposed to put them both out as Apprentices ;---but *Jacky*, though he did not dare to say *I won't*, yet he thought it, for he cried, and took on in such a Manner, that his Mother promised he never should be put to any Business, unless

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it was his own Choice ; and he, in his own Mind, determined never to chuse to do any thing.

Tommy, who was always of a compliant Disposition, consented, as soon as his Father had proposed it, to be put as an Apprentice to a Mercer in *Cheapside*, where he behaved so extremely well, that when he was out of his Time, his Master gave him his Daughter in Marriage, with a very handsome Fortune, which he put to such good Use, that, in a few Years, he arrived to the Honour of becoming an Alderman of the City of *London*.

Jacky, in the mean Time, refused to be of any Trade, and with Respect to Learning, he was a meer Dunce, so that his Mother, finding that her Indulgence had turned to so bad a Purpose,

pose, broke her Heart ; the Father did not long survive, leaving his little Fortune equally divided between his two Sons.

As *Tommy*, upon the Account of his Prudence, was left sole Executor ; *Jacky* came to *London*, to demand his Part of what had been left, which his Brother paid him immediately, at the same Time giving him the best Advice, but all in vain ;---for his Cry was continually, *I'll do as I please, and won't be directed* ; he accordingly did as he pleased, till he was entirely ruined. Being too proud to apply to his Brother, he entered into the Service of the *East India Company*, but died during the Voyage to *India* ; and, what is more remarkable, as I have since been informed, his Death hap-
B 4 pened

pened on the very Day his worthy Brother was elected Lord Mayor of the City of *London*. Thus we may perceive the different Fates of a mild affable Temper, and a perverse obstinate Disposition. I would, therefore, recommend it to every young Person to be careful how they use the Expression *I won't* :---for *I won't*, so simple an Expression as it may seem, has brought some Thousands to Destruction.

Master *Placid* here ended his Tale, and his young Auditors all declared open War against *I won't*, declaring that they would never, upon any Occasion, use *such a naughty Expression*.

It being late, they departed, but were invited by Mr. *Placid* to visit him again on the *Twelfth Day*.

On

On the *Twelfth Day* they assembled again accordingly. The Twelve Days after *Christmas* were formerly observed as Festivals, or Holidays, in Memory of Twelve famous Victories obtained by the celebrated King *Arthur*, the *British* Worthy, over the *Saxons*.

At Night, according to annual Custom, a fine large *Twelfth Cake* was produced, and the Ceremony of chusing for King and Queen particularly observ'd, when by Lot Master *George Talbot* was chosen King, and Miss *Polly Placid*, Queen.

Master *Talbot* then informed the Company, that his Papa, hoping he might have the Honour to be chosen King for the Year ensuing, had provided him an Address, which he begged to deliver to the Company.

The

*The ADDRESS of the Twelfth-Day
KING to his little Subjects.*

Loving Subjects,

AS we intend on our Part to reign with the greatest Care, to behave with the most perfect Tenderneſs, and to diſtribute impartial Juſtice during the enſuing Year; we expect in Return, that you, our loving Subjects, will be extremely obedient to our Precepts; we therefore deſire we may hear of no Quarrels or Animofities among you, for we wiſh for nothing but Harmony and Peace. We inſiſt that none of you ſhall tell Tales of each other, for if all were to examine their own Faults ſufficiently, they would have no Time to tell Tales of Others. Lies will gain our greateſt Diſpleaſure;

we

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we therefore decree that Pride, Stubbornness, or Ill-Nature, shall meet with condign Punishment; we recommend to your serious Consideration always to speak Truth, to do as you would be done by, to be dutiful to your Parents, sincere to your Friends, affable and kind to all, and never to give Offence to any. This is our Royal Will and Pleasure, which, we hope, will be strictly observed throughout the Year *by all our* loving- Subjects.

The King having concluded his Speech, the pretty little Queen thus address'd *herself to her Auditors.*

Ladies,

AS the King has addressed himself to the Company in general, I
shall

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shall only beseech the Attention of
the Ladies in particular.

Two Things, the Needle and the
Book we find,
Serve to accomplish all the Female Kind.
The shining Needle draws the fine spun
Thread,
Bedecks the Person, and adorns the Head.
Since Neatness gives the Charms that
all commend,
The Needle is the Housewife's choicest
Friend,
Shun gaudy Cloaths and a fantastic Air,
And only make a decent Garb your Care.
By Reading, every tender Thought im-
prove,
Extend good Notions, and the bad re-
move.
Let useful Precepts your Attention bind,
For Learning is the *Neatness of the Mind.*
Let

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Let Book and Needle then throughout
the Year,
Employ your Thoughts, and your At-
tention share.

The Evening being far advanced,
the Company retired, and purpos'd
meeting at Mr. *Brown's* on the First
Day of *February*, to continue the
laudable Purpose of improving the
young Gentry.

In Pastimes that at once improve and
please,
Old Time will glide with Innocence
and Ease,

FEBRU.

F E B R U A R Y.

The Second Month of the Year.

THE Company being met at Farmer *Brown's*, the Farmer having properly prepared himself, began by explaining the Month of *February* in the following Manner :

February

February derives its Name from a supposed Deity among the *Romans*, called *Februa*, or Purifier, for he presided over Purifications. To purify, is to make clean, or atone for a Fault; in short, it is to repent of, and be sorry for what we have done amiss. As this is therefore a Month of Purification, I hope that all my little Gentry present will reflect upon any ill Behaviour they may have been guilty of, and be heartily sorry for the same, determining within themselves never to offend in the like Manner again. I recollect that Yesterday, a young Lady, who is present, fell into a terrible Passion because our little Dog *Pompey* would not stand upon his hind Legs and beg, as often as she thought proper; but

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but I hope, among the rest of her Faults, this will be remembered and repented of.

The Confusion in which Miss *Lucy* appeared, made it plain to every one that she was the guilty Person ; however, without taking any further Notice, Mr. *Brown* continued.

Painters represent the Month of *February* by the Figure of a Man cloathed in a dark sky-coloured Garment, which denotes the dark, gloomy Weather that generally happens in this Month ; therefore I think, as it is so dismal out of Doors, we will make ourselves as merry and comfortable as possible within : So *Lucy*, my Dear, read that little Fable I gave you to peruse Yesterday.

The

The BEE and BUTTERFLY.

A F A B L E.

A Butterfly, of trifling Note,
Was vastly proud of his fine Coat ;
The nly va n, conceited Elf,
Was ever prating of himself,
If he thought fit to stay at Home,
Or if he chose Abroad to roam,
Still his own Praises ever hung
Upon his senseless, babbling Tongue ;
Nay, he so much to Pride was prone,
He'd praise himself when quite alone,
The shining Beauties of his Wings,
That well might charm the Eyes of
Kings ;

The Spots of red, of black or brown
So sweetly sprinkled up and down :

C.

The

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The downy Moss spread o'er his Suit,
Like Bloom upon the sweetest Fruit,
Were endless Themes for him to chatter,
Tho' no one car'd about the Matter.
Throughout the World, is there, said
he,

A Thing so beautiful as me?
But while himself he thus did prize,
The haughty Coxcomb all despise.

A Bee. of much more humble
Thought,
Who for his Living daily wrought,
Assiduous, after Vernal Show'rs
Culling the Sweets of various Flow'rs,
Forming the Wax with wondrous Care,
To spread delicious Honey there,
Met with the Butterfly one Day,
And took, by Chance, the self-same
Way.
Alighting both on the same Flower,
They rest and chat for Half an Hour.

A

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 35

A Gard'ner passing careless by,
On our gay Coxcomb cast his Eye ;
He stretch'd his Hand as quick as
Thought,

And Bee and Butterfly were caught.
Both beg he will their Freedom give,
If not—at least to let them live.

For my Part, says the Butterfly,
I'm much too beautiful to die.—
Let me but live then cries the Bee,
I'll still a faithful Servant be ;
Depend on all that I can do,
I'll make you Wax and Honey too.

Go, says the Gard'ner, you're of
Use,

And most delicious Fare produce ;
Go, pretty Bee, go to your Hive,
For Industry will always thrive.
But as for you, conceited Beau,
Where Worth is only outward Shew,
C 2 You're

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You're always flirting on the Wing,
 But never did one useful Thing,
 I'll mender you this very Morn,
 You'll serve a Picture to adorn;
 Since fit for Nothing but to view,
 You'll dead as well as living do;
 The Charms in which you took such
 Pride,
 Think, were the Cause for which
 you dy'd.

M O R A L.

*Pride and Ambition careful show,
 The Proud are by Conceit undone,*

Miss *Lucy* could scarce finish the
 Tale, for the Tears stood in her
 Eyes and the Moment she had end-
 ed. she wept plentifully; then with
 sighing and sobbing said, she was
 sensible

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sensible she had been very proud and haughty, but she determined never to be so again. Her Parents embraced her tenderly, telling her that they should never more think of what was past, if she behaved well for the future.

On *Shrove-Tuesday* they again met to eat Pancakes and Fritters, according to annual Custom. Delicious Food ! After the pleasing Repast, Mr. *Brown* thus addressed his Auditors.--I believe every one here must have heard of the great Barbarity exercised towards the poor Cocks this Day, by many cruel Persons, who are no better than Brutes, in human Forms, who throw large Sticks at the poor Creatures. and without the least Remorse beat out
C 3 their

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their Eyes, break their Legs, and otherwise barbarously bruise and ill treat them, till they die in the greatest Torture.

Master GLIE.

Pray Sir, is it not a Sin to eat Fowls, if it's a Sin to kill them?

Mr. BROWN.

No, my Dear, it is not a Sin to kill them, nor to eat them, but it is a Sin to be cruel to any Thing. Since God has designed them for our Use, they certainly must be killed, in order to be eaten, but then let them be killed in the easiest Manner imaginable, put them to the least Pain that is possible, and you are
guilty

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guilty of no Crime ; but wantonly to throw Sticks at them, to break their Limbs, and bruise their poor Bodies, is a very wicked thing, and none but the most barbarous Wretches would be guilty of it.

Master PLACID.

I have got a pretty Cock at Home, that I would not have killed for all the World, for he crows every Morning, and wakes me just at the very Time I want to get up to go to School.

Enough of Fowls, said Mr. Brown ; and now, Miss Lucy, since you read a Fable which made you melancholy, pray read this pretty Tale, which I hope will make you, and all the Company, merry.

The LIFE of BEN. BROOM,
the LITTLE CHIMNEY - SWEEPER.

Ben Broom, the little Chimney-Sweeper, was born at a little Village a little Way from *London*. His Father and Mother dying when he was very young, he was taken Care of by the Parish, who put him out as an Apprentice to a Chimney-Sweeper. *Ben* was so comical and so good-natured, that he was beloved by every Body, so that he seldom went to any house to sweep a Chimney, but they made him eat and drink heartily, and he very often received a Present of Money before he came away. As he was very careful, and
laid

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laid by his Money, he was rather richer than Chimney-Sweepers generally are.

When the little Rogue had got up the Chimney, and popped his Head cut at the Top, he would flourish his Broom over his Head, and merrily sing,

Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep,
Oh !

I'm above, and you're below :
Sometimes, when I'm mounted high,
Beneath me Lords and Dukes I spy ;
Then be not proud, ye mighty Men,
You're lower oft than *Little Ben*.

Sweep, sweep, good Neighbours,
sweep, Oh !

I'm above, and you're below.

One

One Day he was sent for to sweep a Chimney in the House of Madam *Wilson*, a very good Lady. He went up the Chimney, and being in a frolicksome Humour, he took it into his Head to get down the Chimney in the next House. Mrs. *Wilson's* Maid wondered what made him stay up the Chimney so long: she called out, *Ben, little Ben, what are you doing up the Chimney all this while!* but no *Ben* answered, for he had descended into the Mistress's Bed-chamber, in the next House. The Mistress was but just up: the Bed was a fine Down Bed, and quite warm, as it had been so lately quitted. The little black Rogue having a Mind to indulge himself, popped in, rolled

rolled himself up, and lay as snug as a Mouse in a Cheese.

The Maid soon after came to make the Bed. This young Hussey had a very liquorish Tooth, for she never went to make her Mistress's Bed, but she was sure to go first of all to the Closet, and eat her Mistress's Sweet-meats. She had, according to Custom, been making free with a few Delicacies, and came carelessly towards the Bed, in order to make it, licking her Lips with a great deal of Satisfaction, when turning down the Bed-cloaths, out jumped little black *Ben*. The Maid screamed out, and fainted away; the Family were alarmed; and coming up the Stairs as fast as possible, to see what the Matter was, *Ben* thought

thought it no Time for him to stay any longer, and so scrambled up the Chimney as fast as he could, and went down the Chimney of Mrs. *Wilson*, where he was asked the Reason of his having staid so long; however, he refused to give them any positive Answer about the Matter, though they could very well perceive, by his Smiles and arch Looks, that he had been about some Roguery.

In the mean Time the Maid at the next House had recovered her Senses, and falling upon her Knees before her Mistress, she told her, with Tears in her Eyes, that, going to make her Bed, she had found in it a frightful black Monster, who came there, she verily believed, to punish

punish her for stealing the Sweet-meats, which she promised never to do again as long as she lived.--- Thus did little *Ben's* Frolick cure the Girl of her Inclination to pilfering and stealing; for I am told she has been very honest ever since.

One Day little *Ben* overheard a brutal Clown beating his Wife in a most unmerciful Manner; the Woman, at last, made her Escape from him, and fled to a Neighbour's House for Protection, the Husband remained at Home. swearing he would break her Bones if ever she entered the Door again. The Tiles at the Back of the House sloping down very low towards the Ground, *Ben*, with Ease, climbed up, and got down the Chimney in
an

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an Instant, when tumbling into the Room, he cried, *Aye, I'll settle your Dispute between you and your Wife presently*; the Fellow was so terrified, that he took to his Heels instantly, and little *Ben* made off undiscovered; this Trick, however, so effectually cured the Countryman of his Ill-nature, that he never after struck his Wife, through the Fear of having another Visit paid him by the little black Apparition, who came down the Chimney.

Another Time some cruel young Chaps had been throwing at Cocks; according to the barbarous Custom, on *Shrove Tuesday*; they had killed several, and determined to have them dressed at an Inn in the Neighbourhood. After they had supped upon
what

what their Cruelty had procured, they went to Gaming; and played so late, that the Landlord grew extremely tired of their Company. However, they refused to go Home, which occasioned him to send for little *Ben*, who went up a Chimney in the next Room, and descended that the Gamesters were in, without their perceiving him; they were cursing and swearing in a most shocking Manner, when he cried out, *I am come to take you all away with me*: These Words, and his Appearance, so terrified them, that they all took to their Heels immediately, and left the Money which they had betted upon the Table, which little *Ben* seized by Consent of the Landlord, as lawful Prize-Money,

Money, for having frightened them from the bad Habits of Swearing and Gaming; for I could never learn that any of the Company, after this Affair, ever played a Game, or swore an Oath: thus little *Ben's* Tricks were always of Benefit to somebody.

I mentioned before, that being frugal and saving, and having frequently Presents made him, he had saved up some Money. In fact, he had scraped together better than five Guineas; but hearing, one Day, the Goods of a poor Neighbour, a Labouring Man, were seized upon for Rent, to the Amount of four Pounds, he ran Home, brought all his little Stock with him, and generously paid the Money. A good
Lady,

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Lady, who came to the poor Man's House with the same Intent. finding what had happened, was resolved that such a tender, kind, humane Child, in short, such a good Boy, as little *Ben*, should no longer remain a Chimney-Sweeper; she accordingly took him Home with her, and had him washed clean, and properly cloathed; she then put him to School, where he made great Improvement, and a most rapid Progress in every Branch of Learning. When she died, she left him her whole Estate, which was very considerable. He soon after married a beautiful young Lady, with a handsome Fortune, by whom he had several Children. When he was married he set up his Carriage, and for

D

his

his Coat of Arms chose a Chimney-Sweeper's Head peeping out of a Chimney, supported by a Shovel and Broom ; look at it.



Which Coat of Arms his Posterity retain to this Day.

MARCH

The HAPPY VILLAGE.

51

M A R C H.

The Third Month.



ON the First Day of the Month
the Meeting was at the House
of Mr. *Glib*, who thus began to ex-
plain the Origin and Derivation of
the Month of *March*.

D 2

March

52 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

March receives its Name from *Mars* the God of War, and is represented by a Man of a tawny and fierce Aspect, as a Warrior, bearing a Helmet upon his Head, and leaning upon a Spade, as denoting that the Ground ought to be dug up this Month; in his Hand he holds Almond Blossoms and Cyons, and a Basket of Seeds upon his Arm; for this Month is a proper Time to sow Grain and most kind- of Seed.

Here Master *Benjamin Glib*, according to Custom, began to whistle, but being reprov'd by his Papa, he was ordered to read the following Tale, from a Paper which his Papa gave into his Hand.

He

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 53

He blush'd for his ill Behaviour,
and immediately complied by reading

The HISTORY of an EAGLE.

A fine young Eagle was extremely proud of himself; he was so strong, that with his Talons he could seize upon a Lamb and carry it away to his Place of private Resort. Said he to himself, what reason have I not to be happy; I am esteemed the King of the Birds: above all others of the feathered Kind, I am the best able to face the Sun; who can boast such an Eye as I can? My Plumes become me, and appear at once grave and grand, my Strength is not to be equalled, and my Courage no one ever could call

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in Question. Nay, I will even fly to yonder large City, and put Man at Defiance.

The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when he flew towards a very populous City ; by the Way an Archer perceived him, and shot him with an Arrow : He felt Death approaching, but had, however, Strength enough left to pluck the Arrow from his Side with his Beak. He had no sooner effected this, but he found, to his great Surprize, that the Arrow was headed with some of his own Feathers which he had lately shed. Ah ! said he, just before he expired, bewailing his Misfortune ; these are the miserable Effects of Thoughtlessness and Conceit ; being proud and giddy, I ran
into

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 55

into Danger, and now find that those very Feathers of which I was so proud have brought on my Destruction. I hope my Death will be a Warning to other Eagles to be less vain, and to learn Diffidence and Modesty.

In Peace the Humble draw their
Breath,
While Arrogance meets certain Death.

A P R I L.

The fourth Month.

THE Company being assembled
 at Mr. *Featherbrain's*, he jocosely
 told them he would not make *April*
 Fools of them, though it was *April*
 Fool

Fool Day ; but if they pleased they might sit down to the Dinner he had provided, and make that look as foolish as they pleased. After Dinner, Master *Pain* desired to know the meaning of calling People *April* Fools, to whom Mr. *Featherbrain* thus replied.

Those who have the Misfortune to be born Fools, are certainly so on the First of *April* as well as at any other Time ; however, the particular Reasons for the Custom of calling People Fools on this Day have been variously accounted for ; some suppose that the uncommon Uncertainty of the Weather about this Season gave rise to the Saying ; for People would often, upon the Appearance of a fair Morning, dress
them-

58 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

themselves to visit their Friends; but a sudden Change of Weather, by disappointing them, would make Fools of them, and their Friends who expected them.

Others affirm, that in the Days of King *Arthur*, the *British* Worthy, a Person who pretended to be a Conjuror, had given out that on the First Day of *April*, in such a Year, all Persons who would throw a particular Sum of Money into a Well, which he had properly prepared, as he pretended for the Reception of it, would ever after succeed in all they undertook, and grow immensely Rich. Many Fools threw Money into the Well accordingly on the Day appointed, which the Conjuror took care afterwards

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 59

to take out and convert it to his own Use; as these People never found any Benefit from their Folly, they were by those, who had more Sense than to throw away their Money in such a silly Manner, ever after called *April* Fools; whence the Expression became a Kind of Proverb, and is used to this Day. However. there are many Persons now living who are not only *April* Fools, but *Fools all the Year round*, since they continually squander away their Money in Ways as foolish, as those deluded People did.

But this Custom of making *April* Fools is often turn'd to a very bad Purpose, and has frequently produced very fatal Consequences.

Lydia,

60 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Lydia, my dear, read the Story
I gave you.

Miss *Lydia* immediately complied,
by reading as follows :

In a little Town. in *Gloucestershire*, lived a worthy Farmer, who had Two Sons ; One was extremely sober and sedate, he was the eldest, and named *Thomas* : but *James*, the Youngest, was continually in Mischief. In fact, he seemed to delight in nothing so much as putting People to Pain,----or deceiving them.----If any Orchard in the Neighbourhood was robbed, he was sure to have a hand in it ;----not for the Sake of Fruit, but of being in Mischief.

He has been known to tie two
Cats together by the Tails across a
Rope,

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 61

Rope. in order that the poor Animals might tear each other to Pieces.

In a neighbouring Field there was a very vicious Bull, who was continually running at People, and had done a great deal of Mischief. On a First Day of *April*, by Chance, a Snake had twined himself round his Leg, and stung him.---Mad with the Pain, he took Shelter in a Barn, where *Jemmy* had just before directed his Brother to go (in order to make an *April Fool* of him,) to see a *Gipsy*, that could tell Fortunes; *Tommy* went accordingly, not suspecting any such Trick, when he was met at the Barn-Door by the Bull, who gored him in such a shocking Manner, that he died in a few Minutes upon the Spot.

Jemmy,

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Jemmy, not in the least suspecting what had happened, had run round the Barn, in order to have the Pleasure of calling his Brother *April Fool*, when he returned without finding any body there, but just as he turned the Corner he met the Bull, who knocked him down, ran over him, and trampled upon him so violently, that he was taken up very much bruised, and being carried Home, was put to Bed, where he remained extremely ill, till the violence of his Bruises brought on a Fever, which, in a Fortnight's Time carried him off.

Thus we may perceive the ill Consequence which too frequently attends that silly Custom of making *April Fools*. What has been said should

should deter any Person from being guilty of such Folly, besides the Consideration, that no *April Fool* was ever made without a Lye being first told,

It being late, the Company met again on *Easter Monday*, when Mr. *Featherbrain* informed them, that this was about the Season of the Year when our Lord and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST, arose from the Dead, and ascended into Heaven : Nay, said he, even the Pagans, without knowing it, seem to have continued to celebrate the Occasion, in representing the Month of *April* by a beautiful young Man, cloathed in green, with a Garland of Myrtle and Hawthorn Buds upon his Head, the
Symbol

64 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Symbol or Sign of Peace, Hope, and Comfort ; he is likewise pictured with Wings, which shews, that our Thoughts should all fly towards Heaven : He holds Primroses and Violets in his Hands, denoting, that *April*, being a Spring Month, produces the first Flowers of the Year. In fine, the Month of *April*, like the Prime of Youth, is strong, vigorous, and uncertain.

MAY.

M A Y.

The Fifth Month.



THE Company being assembled at
the House of Mr. *Pain*, that
Gentleman, after Dinner, began thus
to explain the Month of *May*.

E

May

66 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

May is represented by the Image or Figure of a lovely Youth, cloathed in White and Green, embroidered with Daffodils, Hawthorn, and Blue Bottles; and on his Head a Garland of White and Damask Roses. These different Ornaments represent what the Season produces; and the Figure having a Lute in one Hand, and a Nightingale on the Fore Finger of the other, signifies that this is a proper Time to walk abroad and amuse yourself in the Fields, or to enjoy your own Thoughts; for the Nightingale is of all Birds the most melancholy; though its Note is, perhaps, the sweetest, it delights in being alone, and will never sing till all the other Birds are gone to Rest. This certainly

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 67

tainly is either Pride or Ill-nature; Pride, in thinking it has no Occasion to desire another to sing with it, in order to help out its Notes ; or Ill-Nature, in refusing to sing in Conjunction with others, in order to help them out. Come, *Charly Pain*, my Dear, read what I gave you, to entertain the Company.

The NIGHTINGALE.

AS soon as Light begins to fail,
Sings the pretty Nightingale;
Then be attentive, hear the Song,
Learn to know the Right from
Wrong;
To God in Duty do not fail,
Sweetly sings the Nightingale.

E 2

Each

68 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Each Bird chaunts forth his Maker's
Praise,

In innocent harmonious Lays :
They sing his Praise in pious Words,
Be not less dutiful than Birds.

In Duty ne'er to Neighbours fail,
Thus sings the pretty Nightingale;
As you'd be done by, always do,
Thus sings the Nightingale to you.
Due Reverence for the Almighty feel.
And to your Neighbours Justice deal;
Then to yourselves you'll never fail,
Thus sings the pretty Nightingale.
At Night when you retire to Rest,
For blessings pray, if you'd be blest;
For Grace entreat, your Crimes be-
wail,

Thus sings the solemn Nightingale.

On

On *Whitsunday* they met again ;
the chief Part of the Time was past
in Religious Discourses, when Mr.
Pain took Occasion to remark, that
Whitsunday was celebrated in Com-
memoration of the Ascension of our
Blessed Saviour ; and, in honour of
this Day, White Robes were for-
merly worn, according to the Poet,

White Robes were worn in ancient
Times, they say,

And gave Denomination to the Day.

Upon which Occasion he observed
it might be proper to add,

To pass this Day, and others,
without Fear,

In Thought be guiltless, and in Con-
science clear ;

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Wear not White Robes alone for
outward Shew,
But let your Souls be White as driven Snow.
Wear White without, if free from
Crimes within,
But outward White conceals no inward Sin.

Master *Pain* then read the following Tale.

The DISTRESS of THOMAS TICKLE.

Tommy was the only Son of a Tanner, who, having great Business, was in a fair Way of becoming rich; having bestowed a good Education on his Son, when he was fourteen Years of Age, the Father thought
it

it Time for him to learn some Business, he being determined his Son should not be brought up in Idleness, since it is the Root of Evil ; but *Tommy* being of a very obstinate Disposition, and not liking to work, soon grew tired of being a Tanner ; all the Advice and Persuasion of his Parents could not bring him to Reason. His Father, one Day, in a violent Passion, told him, he would some Time or other wish for a Morfel of Bread, but would not be able to get it ; adding, that Undutifulness to Parents would be punished in this World, and that which is to come. On saying these Words, *Mr. Tickle* went out of the Shop.

Tommy took not much Notice of what his Father had been saying to
E 4 him,

him, but went to some of his companions. and staid out all Night, which he knew would highly provoke his Parents ; so was determined not to go Home again, but with a favourite Companion went and entered on board a Man of War, which was going, with some others, to the *East Indies*. He not being used to the Sea, was extremely awkward in the Ship, which made the Sailors curse and swear at him at a great Rate, and knock him about in a shocking Manner. In short, he found, to his Sorrow, a great Difference between the Indulgence of his Parents and the Behaviour of the Sailors to him. They sailed in Company with the rest of the Ships for some Time, but a dreadful Storm happening in
a very

a very dark Night, he would have given all the World to have been working in his Father's Shop. The Storm increased, and the Waves went Mountains high. When the Storm was a little abated, he was ordered, with several more, to go up the Main Mast, in order to mend some of the Rigging, which was broke by the Violence of the Storm. As he and six others were up aloft, a violent Squall of Wind came, and carried away the Mast. and those who were upon it, into the Sea together ; Tommy was buried several Fathoms deep in the Water ; having learnt to swim, he was quickly at the Top of the Water again, and found he had nothing to trust to but to get upon the broken Mast
if

if he could ; as it was not far from him, he was lucky enough to get upon it, but not without great Difficulty ; in this Situation he continued all Night, and in the Morning was cast upon a desolate Rock, upon which he was thrown with such Violence, as greatly bruised him ; he got up, however, and gained the Top of the Rock, to see for the Ship ; but no Tongue can express the Horrors of his Mind when he could not see the Ship or any of the Company belonging to her. He walked about the Rock, in order to find some Oysters, but could find nothing but a few Periwinkles to live upon. Now he sincerely repented his Undutifulness to his Parents, and vowed if it should

should ever please God to send any Ship to take him off that dismal Rock, to be extremely good and dutiful. As he was sincere in his Prayer, God sent him a Deliverance, when he did not in the least expect it. One Morning he saw a Ship pretty near to him, he immediately pulled off his Shirt and put it on a Stick, and with it made Signals till he was taken on board the Ship, which proved to be an *English* one bound to *Hull*.

The Captain was glad he had come so near the Rock as to enable him to see the Signals, or he must inevitably have perished ; they arrived safe at *Hull*, after a Passage of forty Days ; when returning the Captain hearty Thanks, he set off
for

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for his Father's House, where he was gladly received, on his Promise of good Behaviour for the future. Thus was he cured of his wild Ramble; and was ever afterwards remarkable for his close Application to Business, he became very religious to God, and dutiful to his Parents, and was beloved by all his Relations and Acquaintance.

God always lends a ready Ear
To our Repentance, if sincere.

JUNE.

J U N E

The sixth Month



BEING met at the House of Mr. Talbot, he thus explained the Emblem of the Month of *june* to the Company.

The

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The Month of *June* is represented by a young Man cloathed in a Mantle of deep Green, exprefive of the full Ripeness of the Season, for most fruits are ripe, the Trees are in their full Glory, and the Fields seem to smile with Verdure. Who can behold so many good Things, such Scenes of Delight. and not in the most grateful Manner, adore the bountiful Ceator for his Kindness to us ? Then let us try to deserve a Continuation of his Favours.

This Image, representing *June*, has on its Head a Coronet made of King-Coles and Maiden-hair ; on his Arm hangs a Basket of Summer Fruit, and in his Hand he holds an Angling Rod, for this is a proper
Time

The HAPPY VILLAGE, 79

Time of the Year to fish.--*Charlotte*, my Dear, read that pretty Tale I gave you this Morning.

Miss *Charlotte* immediately obeyed, and read as follows:

The STORY of the HERMIT.

A Reverend Hermit lived in a Cell which was situated in the Midst of a solitary wild Country, remote from the Habitation of Men; his Food was Roots, or wild Fruit; his Drink Water, from a clear Spring that came bubbling through a Rock; and his Bed was made of Moss. Here, retired from the Converse of Mankind, he turned his Thoughts towards God; his Business was Prayer

Prayer, and his Pleasure the Praise of the Almighty.

Living in this serene and peaceable Manner, his Life seemed to be Heaven itself. Now and then Chance-Travelers would come to his Cell, and beg a little Refreshment, which he always chearfully gave them; from these he learned, that, among Mankind, Virtue was very often unsuccessful, while Vice triumphed and bad Men succeeded where the good were unfortunate. This he at first doubted, but hearing it so often repeated by those who came that Way, his Peace of Mind was destroyed. If the Good was not always rewarded, and the Bad punished, he thought that Injustice was the Cause, and began to entertain

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 81

tain some Doubts concerning Providence. However, not to be too rash, he resolved to travel for some Time, to mix among Mankind, to see what passed in Cities and Towns, by which he might judge if he had been rightly informed or not.

He sat out early in the Morning, and had not traveled far before he was overtaken by a young Man, who saluted him in a very courteous Manner, which the Hermit returned as kindly: To make the Way seem less tedious, they entered into Conversation upon various Subjctes.

At Night they approached towards a fine large House, the Master of which desired them to repose themselves there till the next Morning. This kind Offer they gladly accepted

F

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cepted. They then were entertained in a most sumptuous Manner, and nobly lodged.

In the Morning, before they set off to continue their Journey, the Master entreated them to refresh themselves with some Wine, which they drank out of a Golden Goblet. After they had cheared their Spirits with the precious Liquor, the Hermit, to his great Astonishment, perceived his young Companion slyly steal the Golden Bowl, and convey it beneath his Garment. A Person suddenly stung by a Serpent could not look more terrified than the poor Hermit ; he was greatly shocked, yet did not dare to open his Lips, but travelled on in a pensive and melancholy Manner, through the Uneasiness of his
his

Mind ; he would fain have parted from his Companion, but did not dare to hint his Thoughts.

A Storm now overtook them, and drove them to a House for Shelter, the Master of which being a Miser, at first denied them Admittance ; at last, by many Intreaties, he let them in, but neither gave them any thing to refresh themselves, nor would make a Fire to dry their wet Cloaths. When the Storm was over, he in a very abrupt Manner let them understand that he did not want their Company. The Hermit was amazed at his Cruelty, and brutal Behaviour ; but how much greater was his Astonishment, when he perceived his young Companion leave the Golden

Goblet to this churlish Wretch, which he had before stolen from the generous Man. He was puzzled to account for the Actions of the Youth. It appeared a Crime to steal it at first, but to leave it to the Miser, who had behaved so ill to him, seemed downright Folly and Madness. Ruminating upon these strange Things, he walked on with his Companion till Night, when they arrived at the House of a good Man, who entertained them with the greatest Hospitality.

In the Morning, just before they departed, the Hermit perceived his young Companion go to a Cradle, in which the only Child of their Entertainer was fast asleep, and, without the least Appearance of Remorse, strangled

strangled the poor Infant. The Hermit's Blood perfectly curdled in his Veins, but his Terror was so great that he could not utter a Syllable.

The Master of the House, not knowing what had happened, kindly took Leave of them, and sent a Servant along with them as a Guide, because the way they were to go was extremely difficult to find.

Journeying on they came to a small Bridge, which passed over a very rapid River. When they were about the Middle of the Bridge, the Youth seized upon the Servant, and threw him into the River, where, not being able to swim, he was presently drowned.

The Hermit was at once so shocked and enraged at these repeated Crimes, that he could forbear speaking no longer.--Cruel Wretch! he cried; but could go no farther; for, to his still greater Amazement, the Youth was changed into an Angel, and thus addressed himself to the Hermit.

Father, said he, be not surprized. Your pious Life, and continual Prayer, have been pleasing in the Eye of God. I was sent from Heaven purposely to calm your Mind, and ease your Doubts. It is impossible for Man to judge of the Ways of Providence, because he can only see Effects, without being acquainted with the Cause. You have been surprized at my Actions for that
very

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 87

very Reason, but I'll explain every Thing to you. The Person who first entertained us so generously, did it not so much through Charity as Pride, but the loss of his Bowl will teach him to keep his Plate more out of Sight, so that what he does will be out of mere Charity for the future.

The Miser, who scarcely granted us Admittance, from finding so precious a Treasure will be led to reflect, if Man would be charitable Heaven will reward ; and in Expectation of more such Prizes, will hospitably entertain other Strangers, till what he at first did in Hopes of Gain, will, through Custom, become habitual, and he will at length be charitable from Disposition.

The last Person who behaved generously to us, had placed all his Thoughts upon Heaven till the Birth of the Infant you saw me strangle. This Child of his Age drew his Attention entirely from divine Reflections, and engaged him to think too much of worldly Affairs; besides, had he lived, he would have turned out very bad, and have brought his Father's grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave; it was therefore my Mission, or Task to shorten his Life. To all except yourself it appeared, when we were departed, that he died by Convulsions.

As for the Servant, whom I threw into the River, and drowned, his Fate was spun, he deserved his Death. He was a Villain; for this
very

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very Night, if I had not prevented it by his Death, he intended to have introduced a Gang of Robbers, who were to plunder the House, and murder the Family, then what a Fund of Charity would have failed upon the Death of this good Man !--Thus the ways of Heaven are just, though

Man cannot perceive them Remain satisfied, and depart in Peace.

The Angel then took his Flight towards Heaven, and left a Stream of Glory behind him.

The Hermit then, with this Prayer, *Lord, as in Heaven, on Earth thy Will be done,* again returned to his old Habitation, and passed an inoffensive and pious Life, with the greatest Repose and Happiness.

JULY,

90 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

J U L Y

The Seventh Month.



THESE amiable Families having
now visited each other all round,
it became the Time to assemble again
at Mr. *Placid's*: They met accord-
ingly,

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 91

ingly, where Mr. *Placid* thus explained the Symbols of the Month of *July* to his Auditors.

July is represented by the Figure of a strong robust Man ; for Nature in this Month seems to be in her full Prime. He is cloathed in a little Yellow Jacket, Yellow denoting Ripeness, and its being a Jacket, signifies that the Heat of the Season requires no heavier Garment. This Image hath a tawney Face, Hands, and Neck for most People who work in the Fields during this Season, are extremely Sun-burnt and he is eating Cherries, and other red Fruit, which are now in Perfection.

Then

Then study your Lesson to merit
 Regard ;
With Cherries and Currants the
 Good we reward.

The Head of this Figure is crowned
with Century and Thyme, two fine
Herbs of the Month ; on his Should-
ers he carries a Scythe to mow down
the Grass, and a Bottle hangs at his
Girdle, that he may refresh himself,
when thirsty, with a little chearing
Liquor, by his Side walks a majestic
Lion, which denotes, that the Warmth
of the Season overheats the Blood,
and makes People, if they fall in a
Passion during this Month, be as fierce
as Lions, and change to downright
Brutes ; therefore avoid Passion, since
it

it is a short Madness. and generally produces very bad Consequences.

Now, Miss *Polly Placid*, entertain the Company with the little Tale I gave you.

The TALE of DECEIT

A Gentleman, named *Penson*, had a Son called *Clodio*, in Person extremely agreeable, but very much deformed in Mind. Master *Billy Johnson*, a young Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, went to the same School, and was an inseparable Companion of *Clodio's*; they professed the greatest Friendship for each other, which, on the Part of Master *Johnson*, was really sincere, and agreed, that neither should conceal any Thing from the other.

Master

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Master *Johnson* having found a Nest of pretty young Linnets, designed, when they were fledged, to take them and present them to his Mamma, who was extremely fond of Birds. He shewed the Nest to *Clodio*, and told him his Intention. He went to the Place, at the Time he intended, to take them, but the Birds were gone. He was rather uneasy, not for the Loss of the Birds, but because he must be obliged to disappoint his Mamma of his intended Present. He left the Field and took his Way towards Home: As he went on, he perceived a Countrymen with a Nest of young Linnets; from the Look and Number he imagined it to be the Nest he had designed to take; to be certain, he enquired of the Man from whence

whence he took them ; the Man answered he had not taken the Nest at all, for he had just bought it of a young Gentleman. Master *Johnson* begged that he would describe that young Gentleman, when, to his great Surprise, he found it could be no other Person than his pretended Friend *Clodio*. He was much-grieved to find a Person he valued was so treacherous : He purchased the Nest, however, and presented it accordingly to his Mamma.

In the Afternoon, when they were coming from School, Master *Johnson* taxed *Clodio* with his Treachery, who attempted to prevaricate, and would fain have denied the Charge ; Master *Johnson* said, Fie, for Shame, fie, for Shame, Master *Benson* ; the Thing
is

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is too plain against you ; never make
Bad worse, by telling a Lie. Re-
member the Piece you wrote this
very Afternoon.

On all Occasions to declare the Truth,
Is most praise-worthy in a virtuous
Youth ;

A Fault extenuated by a Lie,
Is doubled in reality thereby ;
And he that to this Vice becomes a
Slave,
In Fire and Brimstone shall his Por-
tion have.

Master *Benson* finding he could
deny the Fact no longer, confessed
himself in fault, and with Crocodile
Tears in his Eyes, pretended to be
extremely sorry for what he had done,
and

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 97

and begged hard for a Reconciliation. Master *Johnson*, naturally of a sweet Disposition, and forgiving Temper, was melted with his Entreaties, and thinking his Sorrow real, freely forgave him; only desired him not to be guilty of any Thing deceitful for the Time to come, which he very readily promised, though he had Malice in his Heart against Master *Johnson* for all his Goodness.

Master *Johnson* being entirely Friends again with his Companion, *Clodio* one Day enticed him into the Fields, to a considerable Distance from Home; the Weather being very hot, he prepared to bathe in a Brook they had just come to; Master *Johnson* at first refused to

G

enter

enter the Water, urging the Danger they should be in of being drowned. At this his Companion laughed heartily, and said, he did not think he had been such a Coward. Master *Johnson's* Spirit was a little roused at such a Suspicion, so that inclined by the heat of the Weather, and to prove his Courage, he stript and went into the Water ; in the Middle of the Brook was a small Island, upon which grew a great many Trees and Bushes ; *Clodio* told his Companion he would hide himself upon this Island in such a Manner he would defy him to find out the Place ; Master *Johnson* said he would endeavour to discover it ; Master *Benson* entered the Island accordingly, but, instead of hiding himself, crossed the

the Island, went through the Water on the other Side, and got to the other Shore, then running round a Hedge, he got to the Place where they had undressed themselves, and taking up Master *Johnson's* Cloaths, he ran and hid them, first searching the Pockets, from whence he took a Silver Medal and a Trifle of Money; the Reason of his acting thus was, if possible, to get Master *Johnson* Mischief, for he did not doubt but he would be corrected, both for going into the Water at all, and for losing his Cloaths. Full of these Thoughts, he returned to the Brock. when, what was his Astonishment to find, that while he had been maliciously hiding his Companion's Cloaths, his own had been stolen away; he called to

Master *Johnson*, who, hearing him, came from the Island directly, and was informed that both their Cloaths had been stolen away, for *Clodio* artfully concealed the Part he himself had taken in the Mischief, While they were bewailing their ill Luck, a Farmer came towards them with Master *Johnson's* Cloaths under his Arm, for he had just picked them out of the Ditch where *Clodio* had hid them. The Moment Master *Johnson* saw them, his Eyes sparkled with Joy, and he claimed them as his own; the Farmer knowing him by Sight, did not doubt his Word, but gave them immediately to him, when he was dressed in an Instant, but at the same time was greatly grieved that

that his Companion could not get his restored as easily.

Master *Benson's* Thoughts were quite different, he was stung by Rage and Madness to think that he had been disappointed in his malicious Design, and that Master *Johnson* had had so much better Luck than himself. Indeed, he would have claimed the Cloaths himself of the Farmer, but he was sensible if he did, he must appear in his true Colours, both to Master *Johnson* and the Farmer, because they would by no Means fit him, Master *Johnson* being much less than himself.

It was agreed that they should stay together in the Fields, while the Farmer went to Mr. *Benson's* and acquainted him with his Son's Mis-

fortune; the Farmer went, and a Servant soon came back with him, with a Suit of Cloaths for *Clodio*, who dressed himself directly, and they proceeded towards Home; in their Way, who should they meet but the very Sharper who had stolen Master *Benson's* Cloaths, with the Cloaths hanging upon his Arm; the Servant seized him immediately, and carried him to Mr *Benson*, who happened to be a Justice of the Peace; upon his Examination it appeared that he had seen the tallest young Gentleman carry away a Suit of Cloaths which he then took to be his own, but now perceived, by the Colour, that they belonged to the shortest; that then seeing the Coast clear, he took the Opportunity to

run

run away with the remaining Suit : During the Time the Sharper was speaking, *Clodio* blushed, and seemed in great Confusion, which his Papa perceiving, said *Guilt, Guilt, thou wilt always betray thyself.*

Master *Johnson* having by this Time missed his Pocket-piece and Money, complained of his Loss ; Mr. *Benson* accidentally feeling in the Pockets of his Son's Cloaths which the Sharper had now restored to him, found both Money and Pocket-piece ; he enquired of Master *Johnson* if he had presented his Son with either, who declared he had not. *Clodio* was then required to give an Account of the Manner in which he came by them ; this he attempted to do, but not having his Tale ready

before-hand, he blush'd, trembled, stuttered, and stammered, at such a Rate, that his Papa plainly perceived he was guilty of something bad, and by Dint of Threatning he at last got the whole Affair out of him; he committed the Sharper to the House of Correction for the Space of a Month, and gave strict Orders that he should be obliged to work hard, and to have nothing but Bread and Water to live upon; thinking his Son not the least better than the Sharper, he ordered him to be confined for the same Space of Time in a Garret, to be fed with Bread and Water, like the Sharper, and to be obliged to perform several difficult Tasks, which would be as disagreeable to him as Work to the other.

Master

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 105

Master *Johnson*, finding what a bad Boy Master *Benson* was, resolved never to have any more Connections with him.

Thus we see the Fate of Malice and Insincerity : We torment ourselves by attempting to be malicious to others ; and by aiming to deceive others, we deceive ourselves. Nothing but Truth and Good-nature can ever render us peacable within ourselves, or respected and beloved by the rest of the World.

AU-

106 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

A U G U S T.

The Eighth Month.



BEING assembled at Mr. *Brown's*,
he thus began to explain the
Month of *August*.

This

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 107

This Month takes its Name from *Augustus Cæsar*, the celebrated Roman Emperor; it is represented by a young Man, of a fierce Countenance, drest in a flame coloured Garment, expressive of the uncommon Fierceness of the Sun's Beams about this Time. A Sickle hung at his Belt to reap, his Head is crowned with a Garland of Wheat, and on his Arm hangs a Basket of Summer Fruits, the Product and Employment of the Season.

Master Tommy was then ordered by his Papa to entertain the Company; which Orders, with a Bow, he immediately complied with by reading

T H E

ADVENTURES *of* a SQUIRREL.

LITTLE Scug, the Subject of what follows, was born in *Epping-Forest*; he was a comical little Rogue, and occasioned a great deal of Diversion in the Country, for when any of the Country Fellows, in the hot Months of the Year, were inclined to be lazy, they would frequently retire to a thick Grove where Scug was generally frisking about, and there they would fall fast asleep, which as soon as Scug perceived, he would get upon some Branch of a Tree just over them, and, suddenly dropping upon their Heads, would frighten them

them so much that they would scamper away and go to Work directly. One Day he saw a great lazy Clown sleeping with his Mouth wide open; he immediately began to chuck Nuts into his Mouth, as Boys chuck Counters into a Hole; the Nuts rattled against his Teeth in such a manner that he soon waked, when perceiving who had disturbed him, he ran after Scug to catch him, but he whipt up into a Tree in an instant, and put him at Defiance; the Clown began to climb after him, when he presently leaped from that Tree and was in a Moment upon another. The Clown, finding it vain to think of catching him by that Means, resolved to lay a Trap for him, in this he succeeded, for poor
Scug

110 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Scug fell into the Snare and was taken.

The Clown was overjoyed to find he had caught him, and presently put a Brass Collar round his Neck, which he had provided for that Purpose, and to which hung a long Chain of the same Metal, round the Collar these Words were engraved :

For plaguing me when free,
Now taken, I'll plague thee.

The Clown was a very ill-natured Fellow, and had a few Days before beaten a Farmer's Dog, who seeing him coming along with Scug upon his Shoulder, resolved to be revenged of him, so went slyly behind him and gave him a good Bite on the Calf of
the

the Leg, that he roared out like a Bull, and thought so much of the Pain he was in, he forgot to hold fast the Chain, which Scug perceiving gave him the slip, and scoured away as fast as possible; the Clown, recollecting himself, ran after him. The Chain was so heavy. that poor Scug found he must soon be taken, he therefore ran into the Parson's Yard to seek for Shelter, where that pretty good Girl, *Sally Sampler*, the Parson's Daughter, happened to be, and kindly took him under her Protection. The Clown insisted upon having the Squirrel as his Right, but some Neighbours coming in. would not let him take it from the young Lady: however, they gave him back the Collar and Chain, but told him, as
the

112 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

the Squirrel had of his own accord taken Refuge at the Feet of Miss *Sally*, she had a Right to him. Miss *Sally*, out of a little Money she had saved. purchased a Collar and Chain of Silver, for Scug, upon which she had engraved,

Of running to me you shall never
repent,
For I'll always endeavour to give
you Content.

And. indeed, she was so kind to Scug that he never wished for his Liberty again, nor would he have parted from her upon any Account.

One Day as she was walking with him towards the Woods where he used to frequent, he suddenly slipped from
her ;

her; she was sadly afraid he wanted to get away, but he seemingly stopped for her; she went towards him, and when she was pretty near him, he ran a little Way farther, and stopt again for her. - In this Manner he drew her into the thickest Part of the Wood, where he began to scratch the Ground up with his Claws in such a Manner that it raised her Curiosity: She took a little Knife out of her Pocket, and dug up the Ground till she come to a large Bag of Money. She would not take it, till she had told her Papa. When she had informed her Papa, he could see no reason why it should not become her Property; he went, therefore, with her and brought it home. Soon after

H

he

he purchased an Estate with it, which he settled upon his Daughter.

Thus we see even the Brute Creation are possessed of Gratitude--- then Shame upon those Human Persons who are devoid of it.

You may, perhaps, be desirous to know how Scug came to know of this Treasure; I'll tell you: While he lived in the Woods, he saw a Miser bury it; this Miser was soon after drowned in trying to wade through a River, in order not to pay the Ferry.

The Reverend Mr. *Sampler*, his Daughter, and little Scug, passed their Time very happily together.

I must just remark, that little Scug had a golden Chain given him, in which I'll assure you he looked very smart and pretty,

SEP-

SEPTEMBER.

The Ninth Month.



MR. Glib, the Company being met
at his House, began thus to explain
the Symbols of the Month of
September.

H 2

The

116 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

This Month is represented by the Figure of a Man with a chearful Countenance, (for it is a chearful Month,) cloathed in a Garment of Purple, denoting full Ripeness, adorned with a Coronet of white and purple Grapes, the Fruit of the Season, holding in his Right Hand a Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty, containing Pomgranates, and other fine Summer Fruits, and in his Left Hand a Handful of Oats, the Produce of the Season.

Who can behold the great Plenty of such Excellencies, and not bless the Donor; a God is plainly seen in every Work of Creation; 'tis he who

Warms

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 117

Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the
Breeze,
Glow in the Stars, and blossoms in
the Trees.
The same who pours the Beauties of
the Spring,
Or mounts the Whirlwind's deso-
lating Wing :
The same who smiles in Nature's
peaceful Form,
Frowns in the Tempest, and enjoys
the Storm.

Dear Papa, said Miss *Betsy Glib*,
what you have said puts me in mind
of a Tale I read some little Time ago,
will you give me Leave to tell it to
the Company ! Her Papa consenting,
she thus began :

H 3

Ln

In a Country Town lived a conceited Coxcomb, who fancied himself wiser than every Body. Whatever was said in Company he was sure to contradict it, but would never bear to be contradicted in what he himself said. His only Method to appear wiser than the rest of the World was, to be unlike the rest of the World ; so that if any of his Relations died, and he had Occasion to go into Mourning, he was sure to dress himself in white, and while the rest of the Company were in Fears, he took care to laugh : he would go muffled up in a great Coat in the Middle of Summer, and be dressed in the airiest Manner in Winter. Thus Extremes made him suffer, though his Pride would not let him confess it : If he
wanted

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 119

wanted to go into the next Street he would order his Horse to be saddled ; but if he had a journey of forty Miles to go he would take a Stick in his Hand and walk it : However. upon a Person's mentioning to him, by Accident, how useful a Stick was to any one who had a journey to make, he threw away his Stick, and would never walk with one afterwards. Thus through Pride, Conceit, and Obstinacy, he rendered himself disagreeable to every one about him, and miserable within himself. At length, by giving Way to his foolish Imaginations, he fancied he was as wise as God himself. Ah, said he, if I had created this World Things should not have been as they are : No, no, that Acorn should not have been mounted aloft

upon that Oak Tree. nor that fine Fruit, that Melon, grovelling upon the Ground; I would have placed the Melon upon the Tree, and the scurvy Acorn upon the Ground. He had scarcely spoken, when an Acorn fell from an Oak Tree under which he stood, and hit the Top of his Head, from whence it fell to the Ground, where it thus addressed the conceited Fop:—Had the Oak Tree borne that large Fruit instead of me who am so light, and a Melon had fallen upon your Head instead of myself, it would have given you such a Blow, that would have made you sorely repent the World's having been created in such a Manner. Go Home, get rid of your Pride and Conceit, be no longer obstinate, repent of your Folly, and

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 121

and think thus, as GOD hath done every Thing for the best, this Maxim is true,

“ Whatever is, is right.”

The whole Company was pleased, both with the young Lady's Tale, and her Manner of relating, and took their Leaves till *Michaelmas-day*, when they met again, and after being regaled upon roast Goose and Apple-sauce, Miss *Betsy* read

The FABLE of the GOOSE, WORM,
and FARMER.

A Goose within a Farmer's Yard
Had for himself so much Regard
He thought no Fowl his Equal,
Since

122 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Since Food he Plenty had in Store,
His Pride grew daily more and more,
As you'll find in the Sequel.

As he one Day was walking round,
He spy'd, just peeping from the
Ground,

A Worm in pensive Mood :
Low groveling Creature, hence, said
he,
Since thou presum'st to look at me,
Thou shalt become my Food.

Quickly the Worm popp'd in his
Head,

And from his Hole securely said,
Thou vain, thou silly Thing !
With all thy Pride and thy Conceit,
Thou'rt pamper'd but for Man to eat,
So no Reflection bring.

The

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 123

The Farmer with attentive Care
Had listen'd to the whole Affair,
And thus to both reply'd ;
Since this is good *St. Michael's* Day,
The Debt of Death you both shall
pay,
For thus I'll end your Pride :

You, Mr. Goose, as you deserve,
Must for a pretty Dinner serve,
To dine my Friend and me ;
You Mr. Worm, shall be a Bait,
Of charming Fish to catch a Plate,
That we may sup as free.

M O R A L.

Fools love Contention for Contention's sake,
And Prejudice for real Purpose take.
While

124 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

While Blockheads stupidly with Block-
heads strive,

The Knaves step in and Stratagems
contrive ;

Till they by mutual Quarrels, mutual
Spite,

Lay themselves open and are ruin'd
quite.

OCTOBER.

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 125

OCTOBER.

The Tenth Month.



MR. *Featherbrains* (the Company being met at his House) thus began to describe the Month of October :

October.

126 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

October is represented by a Man in a Garment of the Colour of decaying Leaves and Flowers, signifying the Decay of the Fruitfulness of the Season, which now approaching towards Winter, appears in a sickly and aged Manner. He is crowned with a Garland of Oak Leaves and Acorns, denoting that none but the Leaves of strong Trees could withstand the Severity of the Season; in his Hand he holds a Basket filled with Medlars, Chestnuts, and other latter Fruits of the Season.

Master *Frankly* was ordered to entertain the Company with a Tale which he did. by reading the following little Story.

The

The L I O N and S L A V E,

A Slave being condemned to die for a Crime of which he was not guilty, found Means to escape from his Dungeon and made to the Woods : here, as he was obliged to hide himself, he was almost starved, not having any thing to feed upon except wild Fruits and Roots. One Day, as he was walking along in a very pensive Manner, he was greatly terrified at the sudden Appearance of a very large Lion ; he had not the Power to move ; his Fright, however, went off. upon the Lion's approaching him in an humble, submissive, and even fawning Manner ; but, though his Fright diminished, his Surprise encreased, because he could not conjecture the Meaning of the
Brute's

Brute's Kindness ; the Lion now held up his Paw, in a supplicating Posture, which the Slave examining, found it to be extremely swelled, occasioned by a Thorn having run into his Foot ; the Slave plucked out the Thorn, cleaned the Wound, then chewing some Herbs, made a Kind of Salve, which he bound to the Foot with the Bark of a Tree ; in a short Time the Lion was perfectly well, and grew so fond of the Slave, that he thought he could never enough shew his Gratitude ; he daily hunted down a Sufficiency of Provisions for them both, which he always brought to his Cave, where the Slave waited for him, who dressed some for himself upon a Fire made of the Boughs of Trees, which he kindled by Means of rubbing two Sticks very hard.

hard together ; but the Lion, according to Custom, always eat his Share of the Provisions raw ; thus they lived very comfortably for some Time, when one Morning the Lion went out, according to Custom, but did not return as usual at Night ; the Slave was very much grieved at his Absence, for in Fact he had taken a very great Liking to the Lion. The next Morning, not having seen any thing of his Four-footed Friend, he rambled about in search of him, when he was seen by some Persons, who knew, and who immediately apprehended him.

He was carried to his former Prison, and was condemned to be devoured by a Lion.

The fatal Day approached, he was carried to the Place of Execution,

I

which

130 *The HAPPY VILLAGE.*

which was a large Circle, furrounded by many Seats, upon which set innumerable Spectators, to behold this tragical Scene.

A Lion, who had been kept without Food for two days before, was let loose: he approached the Slave in a fierce Manner, but coming close to him, he immediately couched upon the Ground, and licked his Feet with great Satisfaction, for this happened to be no other than the Lion our Slave had met with in the Forest, who, poor Fellow, on the very Day the Slave was so uneasy about his not returning to his Cave, had been taken by some Hunters, and kept among other wild Beasts till he was allotted for the Purpose of destroying the Slave.

Every body was greatly surprized
at

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 131

at the Occurrence: and the Emperor of *Rome* being informed of the Affair gave the Slave a free Pardon, and the Lion into the Bargain.

This Affair was thought so very extraordinary, that People flocked from all Parts to see a Man and Beast who were become so famous, and none ever saw them but what madethem a Present, so that the Slave became a rich Man, and lived as well as any Person in *Rome*, and kept the Lion as well as a Beast could be kept.

Thus Providence, its Power to show,
Can sink the High and raise the Low.
Be lowly minded, then, to rise.
And humble, if you'd reach the Skies.

132 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

NOVEMBER.

The Eleventh Month



THE Company being met at the
House of Mr. *Pain*, he thus
explained the Symbols of the Month.
The

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 133

The month of *November* is represented by the Figure of a Man dressed in a Robe of changeable Green and Black, the Ensigns of the Green Verdure of Nature submitting to Winter's black and dismal Appearance; his Head adorned with Olives hanging from their Branches, Olives being a Winter Fruit; in his Hand he holds Turneps and Parsnips, those wholesome and useful Vegetables, for God, in his Bounty, has provided proper Things to bless us in every Season of the Year.

Mr. *Pain* then nodded to Miss *Biddy* to entertain the Company as he had before directed her; which Task, without the least Hesitation, she performed, by reading

The STORY of
The MAGICAL RING.

MASTER *Billy Bright*, a very pretty Boy, being one Day Nutting in a Wood, was accosted by an Old Woman, who seemed to be very poor, and excessive weak : she implored his Charity. *Billy* looked at her with an Eye of Compassion, and taking from his Pocket Six-pence, he gave it to her, telling her it was all he had, but if it had been ten times more, she should have had it with the greatest Pleasure. He then gave her all the Nuts he had gathered, saying he would get some more for himself. He was going away, but she called him back, when

when to his great Surprize, he perceived that she was quite changed from a decrepid, poor old Woman, to a beautiful fine young Lady, dressed in white Silk, and adorned with Gold and Jewels. He being quite amazed, she bid him not be frightened, and taking hold of his Hand, said, My pretty good-natured Dear, always be charitable, and Heaven will bless you; here, take this Ring, nobody will ever have the Power to take it from you, and it will be the Guide of your Life, for whenever you do what is right, the Stone will brighten up amazingly, but when you do what is wrong, the Hoop will pinch your Finger.

Billy took the Ring, and after thanking the Lady, bent his Way

136 *The HAPPY VILLAGE.*

towards Home. The first thing he did was to ask his Papa for some Money. this his Papa never denied, and so gave him a Shilling. He immediately went and purchased a Book for Sixpence; the Stone of the Ring looked bright, which shewed him that he had done what was proper. In returning Home again. he saw some lads gaming, and tossing up Heads and Tails with Halfpence. He heard one say, who had lost all his Money, I wish I had some more Halfpence, I would play with you again. Oh! thought Master *Billy*, if you are in want of Halfpence, I'll supply you; and was directly going to give him three-pence. when the Ring pinched his Finger so terribly that he was ready
to

to cry out. He began to recollect that he must have done wrong, and upon considering the Affair, remembered to have heard his Papa say, that Gaming was a very wicked and pernicious thing, he therefore supposed the Ring had pinched him for intending to supply Gamesters with Money. He went on, and a little Way farther saw a poor ragged Boy. Little Boy, said he. pray are you hungry ? Yes, Sir, said the poor Child, almost crying. Then, little Boy, said Master, take this Money, (giving him all he had,) and after you have got something to eat and drink with it, come to Mr. *Bright's*, at that white House that you see opposite to you ; he's my Papa ; and I'll persuade him to give you a Pair
of

of Shoes and Stockings to keep your poor Legs and Feet warm.

He then looked at his Ring, and had the Pleasure to see the Stone as bright as the Beams of the Sun upon this Occasion. *Billy* hastened Home, and the poor little Boy was there soon after him. when *Billy* did not only persuade his Papa to give him Shoes and Stockings. but he was compleatly cloathed from Head to Foot, and put out Apprentice to a good Trade, so that he owed his Happiness to *Billy*.

Master *Bright*, one Day going to see an Uncle who was very fond of him, by the Way saw a Man tumble down, at which he immediately fell a laughing, but the Ring gave him such a Twitch, that the Tears stood in

in his Eyes, and he the same Moment remembered that he ought not to laugh at Misfortunes. Being ashamed of his Folly, he directly asked the Man that fell Pardon, who freely forgave him, which made the Ring, that began to look dull, brighten again.

Billy's Uncle gave him Five Shillings, with which returning Home, he saw some unlucky Boys going to throw at a Cock ; he stopped their Hands, and told them he would give them Half a Crown for the Cock ; they gladly accepted his Offer, for it was more than the Cock was worth. *Billy* took it Home, and kept it with great Care. We need not doubt but his Ring was bright upon his being so good-natured.

Thus

140 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Thus did his Ring regulate his
Conduct through this Life, till he
became Wise, Charitable, Good, and
consequently Happy.*

Let Reason be your Ring to set
you right,
Reason's a guiding Star; distinctly
bright ;
Let Conscience check you when you
would do wrong,
The Passions' Curb to Conscience
does belong ;
By both directed walk the Path that's
even,
Pass well through Life, and mount at
last to Heav'n.

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 141

DECEMBER.

The Twelfth Month.



MR. Talbot, the Company being assembled at his House, thus began to explain the Symbols of the Month of *December*.

December,

142 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

December, being the last Month in the Year, is represented by an old Man, who appears to be in the last Stage of Life. His Looks are rough and grim; he is cloathed in Furs, which denotes that the Weather being excessive cold. requires the warmest Garments; upon his Head he has various Coverings, signifying that the Head in this Season should be kept particularly warm.

His Nose is red, for the Frost in this Month nips the Nose, but it is much better, and wholesomer, to have the Nose made cold with the Frost out of doors, than burnt by setting with it over the Fire within; and. indeed, I think, in the Winter Time, there cannot be a prettier Sight than to see a Boy
running

running to School, with a wholesome red Nose, and a Mind intent upon his Lesson. It bespeaks his Blood warm. his Health good, and his Understanding clear.

The Beard of this Figure is drawn hanging with Icicles ; for Ice must now be frequently expected. On his Back he carries a Bundle of Holly and Ivy. which are green even in this hard Season of the Year ; and in his Hand he holds a Goat ; an Animal of a very hot Disposition, by which you are to understand that Cold naturally seeks Heat as the contrary Element.

Miss *Charlotte* was now desired by her Papa to entertain the Company, which she immediately did by reading

The

The STORY of the THREE WISHES,
OR, THE
ABSURDITY of HUMAN DESIRES.

Master *Dicky Dawson* was for ever, even in his Infancy, wishing for his Play-fellows Toys ; but if any of them were so complaisant as to part from their Toys to oblige him, he directly threw them away, and wished for something which he did not possess ; thus every Gratification of his Wishes served to create some new Desire, and the more he was humoured the more miserable he was.

When he grew older, he never passed a Shop, but he wished for almost every Thing which was in
it ;

it; and as far as his Money went, would buy many Things; but as soon as he had bought them, he found out that they were not the Things he wanted, and then would hanker after what was left behind. Thus he continually made himself miserable, by wishing for what was not, in fact, necessary; and when he possessed what he wished for, was still more miserable for what still remained behind.

In vain was his Folly represented to him by his Friends; in vain did they tell him, that *Alexander the Great* was cursed by Success, thro' the same Kind of Madness; for when he was a private King, and lived in Ease and Happiness, he was not content till he made

K

Man-

146 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Mankind in general his Enemies. He run all Manner of Hazards, underwent all Manner of Fatigues, and committed continual Murders, and Ravages, till he had conquered the World; which he had no sooner accomplished, than, like a Child, he wept, because there were no other Worlds to conquer; but had Divine Providence humour'd his Madness, and suffered him to have subdued more Worlds, he would still have remained unsatisfied. When he first made Preparations to go to War, one of his Statesmen asked him, to what Purpose such Preparations tended, since his Kingdom was quite peaceable, and his Neighbours did not molest him? He replied, he wanted to
con-

conquer *Persia*. Well, said the Minister, and when you have conquered *Persia*, what do you intend to do? Why, said *Alexander*, then I'll bend my Arms towards *India*, and subdue that Part of the World. And if you prove successful in *India*, what is to follow then? Why then, said *Alexander*, I'll conquer *Europe*. And when you have gained all these Conquests, what are you to do at last? said the Minister. After I have made all these Conquests, replied *Alexander*, I'll sit down at my Ease. And cannot you, said the Minister, shrewdly, *sit down at your Ease, without taking so much Trouble?*

In vain did Master Dawson's Friends talk to him in this Manner, they could not overcome his Disposition,

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nquer-
to do?
ll bend
subdue
And if
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position, which every
more and more. Histori
of the Absurdity of
wrought no Good; a
cepts of Religion, w
tenth Commandment
shalt not covet thy Neigh
thou shalt not covet thy
Wife, nor his Servant,
nor his Ox, nor his Ass,
that is his, proved equally
he would often exclaim

Bad State of Nature,
fruitless Pain,
Something to wish and
never gain;
Restless we live, and dis
Unhappy, yet we know
why.

VILLAGE.

every Day prevail'd
 Historical Accounts
 of vain Wishes
 and ; and the Pre-
 n, which in the
 ment says, *Thou*
Neighbour's House,
at thy Neighbour's
ant, nor his Maid,
As, nor any thing
 equally ineffectual ;
 claim,

ature, doom'd to
 in,
 sh and want, but
 ;
 and disappointed die,
 know not how, or

Ap

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 149

Applying this his own unhappy
 Temper, for every Body else ; for-
 getting that he, with much more
 Justice might have said,

Blest be the happy Cobler in his Stall,
 Who has few Wishes, and enjoys them all.

He was one Day in a very pen-
 sive Posture, when a Fairy suddenly
 appeared before him, and told him,
 if he would wish for three Things,
 they should be immediately granted,
 but, at the same Time, bid him be
 careful in what he requested. After
 having reflected some Time, he
 wished to be the richest Man in
 the Kingdom.

His Chamber was immediately fill-
 ed with such Loads of Gold and Jew-
 els, that he was quite in Raptures ;

K 3

and

and was so lost in Thought, that the Fairy was obliged, by a Stroke of her Wand, to put him in Mind, that she had no Time to lose.

His second Wish was to be the strongest Man in the Kingdom; this was as easily granted as the other.

His third wish was to be the handsomest Man in the Kingdom.

The Fairy bid him turn to the Looking-glass; he obeyed her instantly, and was amazed at his own Beauty.

Turning again to the Fairy, he was about to thank her, but she vanished from his Sight. He was now proud in his own Strength, celebrated for his Beauty, and by Means of his Riches fancied that every Thing was in his Power. He married a beautiful young Lady, by whom he had a Son that he almost

almost doated on. The Child grew up to be a fine Youth, but one Day having inadvertantly given his Father some Offence, he struck him as he thought a slight Blow, not considering his amazing Strength, but, to his great Unhappiness, found that he had made his favourite Child a Cripple.

the Report of his Riches had spread Abroad so much, that a Gang of desperate Robbers formed a Design to plunder his House. They broke in accordingly, and besides taking away an immense Treasure, wounded him desperately. He had not been long recovered of his Wounds before the Wife of the Minister of State fell in love with him ; he being proud of his *Beauty*, and fond of an intrigue, carried on a Correspondence with her,

which was discovered by her Husband, who threw Mr. *Dawson* into Prison. While he was one day ruminating upon his Misfortune, the Fairy appeared to him again, and asked him if he had any Thing more to wish.

No, said he, the Wishes you have granted me have already proved too unfortunate ; by being the strongest Man in the Kingdom I have crippled my only Son ; by being the richest I have had my House plundered, and been mangled in a terrible Manner ; and by being the handsomest, I am confined in this miserable Prison. If I therefore, wish any thing, it is to be restored to my former Situation, that is, to be as weak, poor, and plain as I used to be. The Fairy told him he had been sufficiently punished, that he
should

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 153

should be as she had at first found him that his Son should be restored to his Limbs, and himself to his Liberty ; but bid him never more give way to vain Wishes, for Heaven better knows what we want than we do ourselves'

She was as good as her Word, and he passed the Remainder of his Days in Peace and Quietness, never wishing for any Thing more than what Providence thought proper to grant : by which Means he enjoyed all his Wishes, and knew no Trouble.

We to ourselves may all our wishes
grant,
For nothing coveting we nothing
want.

CHRIST-

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

ON *Christmas-Day* the Company again assembled at Mr. *Talbot's*, when that Gentlemen explained the Origin of *Christmas-Day* in the following Manner.

This Day was appointed to celebrate the Birth of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*. Since he came to redeem Mankind it ought to be celebrated as a Holiday--but celebrated in a modest Manner, not as a profane Festival, but a Festival of thanksgiving for the Benefits we have received by his kind and godlike Condescension. On the *Christmas-Eve* I am extremely pleased to hear the *Waits*,
or

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 155

or *Music*, approach my Window,
and sing, in a fervent Manner, Words
to this Purpose:

This is the Day, this is the happy
Morn
On which the Saviour of the World
was born ;
That Lord and Saviour who did your
Pardon crave,
And gave his Blood to save you from
the Grave.
Mortals rejoice, with one accord
rejoice,
And sing his Praises in a general
Voice.
This is the Day we come to let you
know,
Nor mind Rain, Hail, or biting Frost
or Snow.

Good

156 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Good Morrow, good Ladies and
Gentlemen, good Morrow, good
Masters and Mistresses all. Past
One o'Clock, a frosty Morning.

But as my little Auditors are Persons whose Understandings I respect, I shall repeat to them some of the sublime Lines which Mr. *Pope* has written upon this Subject :

WRAPT into future Times, the
Bard began :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin
bear a Man ;
From *Jesse's* Root, behold a Branch
arise,
Whose sacred Flower with Fragrance
fills the Skies.

Th'

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 157

Th' ethereal Spirit o'er the Leaves
shall move,

And on its Top descend the mystic
Dove :

The Sick and Weak the healing
Plant shall aid,

From Storms a Shelter, and from
Heat a Shade :

All Crimes shall cease, and ancient
Fraud shall fail,

Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale ;
Truth o'er the World her Olive-
branch extend,

And white - rob'd Innocence from
Heaven descend.

Swift fly the Years, and rise th' ex-
pected Morn,

Oh ! spring to Light ! Auspicious
Babe, be born !

Hark,

158 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Hark, a glad Voice the lonely Defart
chears,

Prepare the Way!---A GOD!---A
GOD! appears!

A GOD!---A GOD!---the vocal Hills
reply;

The Rocks proclaim th'approaching
Deity,

Lo! Earth receives him from the
bending Skies,

Sink down, ye Mountains, --- and
ye Vallies rise.

With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars,
Homage pay;

Be smooth, ye Rocks!---Ye rapid
Floods, give way,

The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient
Bards foretold,

Hear him, ye Deaf; and all ye Blind,
behold!

He

The HAPPY VILLAGE. 159

He from thick Films shall purge the
Visual Ray,

And on the sightless Eye-ball pour
the Day :

'Tis He th' obstructed Paths of
Sound shall clear,

And bid new Music charm th'un-
folding Ear,

The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his
Crutch forego,

And leap exulting, like the bounding
Roe :

No Sigh, no Murmur the wide
World shall hear,

From every Eye he wipes off every
Tear.

In adamant Chains shall Death be
bound,

And Hell's grim Tyrants feel th'
eternal Wound.

Thus

160 *The* HAPPY VILLAGE.

Thus, through the Merits of *Jesus Christ*, if you pursue his Doctrines, are you freed from every Fear, Care, and Apprehension ; and by the Method contained in this little Book, may Parents and Guardians instruct their Children and Wards to become GOOD CHRISTIANS, and WORTHY MEMBERS OF SOCIETY,



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